

Note and Comment

It seems to be the fate of the Saturday News to go to press at a very awkward time for the writer of this page of comment. Last week Mr. Cushing and Mr. Boyle were about to make their statements, after many days of delay. This week the vote is imminent which will decide what the immediate effect is to be of the struggle which has been going on since last Friday. It has been of a nature to compel attention anywhere. In this young province, where political affairs have moved along so smoothly since the granting of autonomy, it has awakened tremendous interest. The legislative chamber has been packed to the doors long before a sitting was due to begin. Scores remained over from the afternoon to the evening, rather than stand the chance of not securing a seat. The fact that this has more than once necessitated staying in the one place from 1 p.m. to 1 a.m. serves to show how the public has been stirred up. The daily press has been crowded with political news and comment, but no readers have objected. Business cares and home duties have been temporarily cast aside by Edmontonians. Each train has brought many in from outside points in order to get close for a short time at least to the centre of excitement. It has been a time to remember without a doubt.

So much has been introduced into the discussion that the Saturday News prefers to wait till the smoke has lifted before passing in complete review what has happened. The old proverb that there is no hate like love turned to hate has never been better illustrated. Former supporters of the government, headed by Mr. Boyle, have attacked it with a virulence, seldom equalled under similar circumstances. Mr. Bennett, the leader of the opposition, did not intervene till Wednesday evening, when in a five hour address, he gave a very exhaustive criticism of the agreement, described those connected with the venture as a set of adventurers and the members of the government as having given a deplorable example of incapacity, which had resulted in the sacrifice of the province's interests.

Mr. Boyle and Mr. Cushing contented themselves with criticizing the bargain. Mr. Bennett argued the country wasn't worth building into and that the railway couldn't possibly pay. By an elaborate set of figures, he proved, as he considered, to a certainty, that there couldn't be more than 220 cars of freight handled in the course of a year. If he is right in this regard, there isn't any further use arguing over the matter. The country to the north has to have resources to support a railway or this road is going to get the government into serious financial difficulties. But few Saturday News readers, after all the evidence which has been presented in these pages during the past four years as to the natural wealth of the northern part of the province will be found to agree with the leader of the opposition. To this paper it has always appeared that if ever there was a railway undertaking which justified liberal aid on the part of the province, it was one which would open that vast empire to communication with the rest of the world and make it of economic value to Alberta and to the Dominion as a whole.

When Mr. Cross in his first address dwelt at some length on the evidence that was available as to the wealth of the country to be served by the A. & G. W., he was met with the rejoinder, that no one disputed what he said, that every person wanted a railway built in that direction, and that the only thing to discuss was the nature of the agreement. Will anybody say that there was no such need for stating the basis of the government's action, now that Mr. Bennett has adopted the ground that he has? We have been talking of such a railway for years. With a few exceptions, all were agreed that it was desirable to have it built and built at the earliest opportunity. Many attempts had been made to interest old established railway corporations in the project but all in vain. Finally a group of American capitalists were found who were ready to take up the project if the government assisted them. Liberal aid was given. It was not possible to interest anyone without it. But when we make comparison with other railways projected into a new country, the inducement offered was not out of the way. Nor was it when it is considered to what extent governments, both provincial and Do-

minion governments aid lines which pass through comparatively well-settled districts. The C. N. R. and the G. T. P. were guaranteed under the government's policy to the extent of \$13,000 per mile to build to Calgary and their branches closely paralleled an existing line, the C. & E.

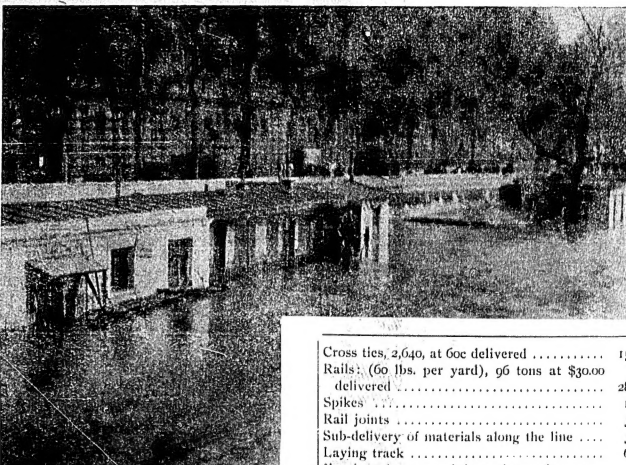
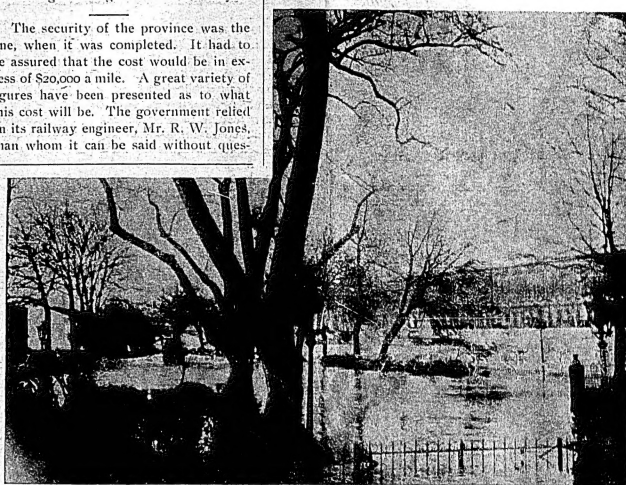
This north country stands in much the same relation to the country between Winnipeg and Edmonton as Western Canada did to the rest of the Dominion in the early eighties. Yet to induce a syndicate to take the risk of building, it was necessary to give a grant outright (not a guarantee) of over \$13,000 per mile, to present it with over 700 miles of completed railway, and 25,000,000 acres of land besides. With conditions as they were and so much to be gained by the carrying through of such a venture, the guarantee of \$20,000 a mile was not in the slightest degree out of the way.

The security of the province was the line, when it was completed. It had to be assured that the cost would be in excess of \$20,000 a mile. A great variety of figures have been presented as to what this cost will be. The government relied on its railway engineer, Mr. R. W. Jones, than whom it can be said without ques-

ity on the subject. He makes an average estimate for a mile of single track railway, with labor reckoned at \$1.75 per day, as follows:

Grubbing and clearing (average of entire road) 3 acres at \$50	150
Grading: 20,000 cubic yards of earth excavation at 35c	7000
Grading: 2,000 cubic yards of rock excavation at \$1.00	2000
Masonry of culverts, drains, abutments of small bridges, retaining walls, etc. 400 cubic yards at \$8.00 average	3200
Ballast: 3,000 cubic yards. Broken stone at \$1	3000

During the Paris Floods



The upper view shows one of the public gardens, while the lower is taken in front of the Louvre.

tion that there is no man in Western Canada today who occupies a higher place in his profession. He estimated the cost as in excess of \$29,000 per mile. His figure is fully borne out by the actual cost of other roads built under similar conditions. The Dominion Railway statistics show that the government from North Bay into New Ontario cost \$52,329 per mile. Mr. Armstrong's estimate for the Hudson's Bay line is \$25,000 per mile and the Dominion Deputy Minister of Railways says that he is figuring on too low a basis. Mr. Cote, the member for Athabasca, an experienced civil engineer, read in the House the other night, an extract from Trautwine's Engineer's Hand Book, which has run through eighty editions and is the foremost author-

Cross ties, 2,640, at 60c delivered	1584
Rails: (60 lbs. per yard), 96 tons at \$30.00 delivered	2880
Spikes	150
Rail joints	300
Sub-delivery of materials along the line	300
Laying track	600
Fencing: (average of the entire road, supposing only half its length be fenced)	450
Small wooden bridges, tressels, sidings, road crossings, cattle guards, etc., etc	1000
Land damages	1000
Engineering, superintendence, officers of company, stationery, instruments, rents, printing, law expenses and other incidentals	2386
	\$26,000

Add for depots, shops, engine houses, passenger and freight stations, platforms, wood sheds, water stations with their tanks and pumps; telegraph, engines, cars, weigh scales, tools, etc. Also for large bridges, tunnels, turnouts, etc.

Note that it is only 60 lb. rails are provided. We have heard a great deal about the 57 lb. rails which are to be used on the A. & G. W. Note the cost

of spikes and rail joints. A great deal of argument has been spent upon these. Does it make any material difference in the total cost whether fish plates or angle bars are used?

This is an average line he it remembered. Look at the large proportion that the cost of grading, of masonry, of ties and of engineering work bears to the whole. Will anyone say that these will not cost more in a country where there is at present practically no population and large supplies have to be freighted in, than if the road were going through a well-settled country. This estimate was made in 1904 and we know how the cost of materials has gone up since that time. Mr. Cushing's figures are clearly wrong. In making the offer he did, he knew that the government, having entered into this contract, could not possibly accept it, and that he was therefore perfectly safe. The time for him to have spoken was when the railway legislation was introduced last spring.

The Saturday News wanted to see this road built as speedily as possible and it knows that so did nine out of ten of its readers. So long as the province was fully protected, the government was justified in extending aid of the most generous character. It would have been very remiss in its duty if it hadn't. The facts that we have stated are clear indication to this paper that in making the bargain, the administration was well within the bounds of safety and we cannot see that the criticism of its action on its broadest lines holds water in any respect.

There has been a great deal of misrepresentation indulged in. Possibly it may have the effect of eventually breaking up the government. But we are confident that ten or even five years from now when the line from Edmonton to Fort McMurray has fully demonstrated what it can do for the development of Alberta, the attacks that have been made upon the project will not redound to the credit of those responsible for them or those who have been stampeded by them.

Mr. W. B. Cameron has retired from the proprietorship of the Vermilion Signal, with the idea of entering upon newspaper work in another part of Alberta. His successor is Mr. C. V. Caesar. Mr. Cameron has turned in the Signal, one of the newest and best edited weeklies in the province. How much such a paper means to a young community those on the spot very frequently fail to recognize. Nothing does so much to give a town a good standing in the opinion of outsiders. Few men know the west and its problems better than the retiring editor. He came to what is now Alberta in the very early days and has had a career full of incident. He was a survivor of the Frog Lake massacre and his reminiscences of the rebellion are of no small historical value. He would be doing the public a considerable service, if, now that he has relinquished editorial duties temporarily, he should devote himself to the preparation of a volume, reviewing his quarter century's experience in this part of the Dominion.

Dr. Dowling, of the Geological survey, has recently prepared a report for the Conservation Commission as to the amount of coal available in the Dominion. He estimates that Canada could supply the whole civilized world with this commodity for 170 years. The figures for the various provinces are of decided interest to Alberta:

Yukon, an area of four hundred square miles of coal fields, containing nine million tons of anthracite, thirty-two million tons of bituminous, and eight hundred and fifty million tons of lignite.
Mackenzie, two hundred square miles, five hundred million tons lignite.
British Columbia, 1,123 square miles, twenty million tons anthracite, 38,642 million tons bituminous, and 314 million tons lignite.
Alberta, 19,569 square miles, four hundred million tons anthracite; 44,530 million tons bituminous, 60,002 million tons lignite.
Saskatchewan, 7,500 square miles, 20,000 million tons lignite.
Manitoba, 48 square miles, 330 million tons lignite.

Ontario, 10 square miles, 25 million tons lignite.
New Brunswick, 112 square miles, 155 million tons bituminous.
Nova Scotia, 992 square miles, 6,250 million tons bituminous.

Total coal deposits, 429,000,000 tons of anthracite, 89,609 million tons of bituminous coal, and 82,021 million tons of lignite.

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STARLAND

THE HOUSE OF QUALITY

FRIDAY & SATURDAY OF THIS WEEK

Pet of the Big Horn Ranch

A Western picture that will
make you sit up and take notice



From the Press Gallery.
"Until philosophers are kings, and the princes of this world have the spirit and power of philosophy, and political greatness and wisdom meet in one, cities will never cease from ill—no; nor the human race, and I believe, and then only will our state have a possibility of life, and see the light of day. The truth is, that the state in which the rulers are most reluctant to govern is best and most quietly governed, and the state in which they are most willing is the worst."

Tuesday morning! and the Micawbers still wait.

Tuesday morning and business demoralized; the womenfolk still bribing the youngsters "to be good" just for this one more afternoon—and the end still as apparently far off as it ever was. Where are our hustling Western methods?

I must confess to it I find this political game of chess too long-drawn-out to my liking. And yet—what else should we have had to employ us these dull afternoons had not these grave and learned law-makers been kind enough to pull off this hundred-round fight for our benefit? Thoughts grave and gay run riot as I pause to consider the "doings" of the House this past week. The "doings," that is, from my woman's point of view.

Early in the game, let me confess it, I had to give up the struggle to follow intelligently in the wake of the empire-builders, having fallen down some of the grades, and gotten frequently lost on one of the out-of-way sidings.

It's a wise man, I am persuaded, who is on to the game of railroad building. But if I lost track of the supposed arguments in many cases, it gave me the greater leisure to follow the vastly more amusing side of the play, the chessmen themselves. The brave little pawns who set out so merrily into the enemy's country, the dashing knights, the proxy old bishops, the quaint differences between the black and white kings—but you can, if you are half smart, follow out the analogy.

And as in chess, so in this game, the first part of the performance was taken up with a great number of preliminary skirmishes. The real struggle remains to be fought out. What heads will fall, what strongholds will be confiscated, who will be victorious in the long run? Ask these wise politicians who know—no more than you do.

Each side promises brave things. But in a company where every man be a traitor, an ally, or foe, goes by the name of an "honorable friend," where threats are spoken of as "mild suggestions," where a man smiles and slaps his fellow on the back when he

wishes him in—Ponoka—well, you see

"Words, idle words,
I know not what they mean."
All are not love feasts, of that I am persuaded, that masquerade as such, neither are all motives so high-minded as their enunciators, who, it seems to me, "protest too much," would have us believe.

As an "interested spectator," even so did the Junior Member for Calgary describe himself (not, however, going into particulars as to how interested), I was mightily amused, at the Friday afternoon and Monday sittings, by the antics of the mimic actors. Friday I "did" the show from the gallery, by the way, and much press—of outside people. Probably its naming was another little parliamentary joke. Parliamentary jokes are so subtle.

However, the House from this point of vantage is well worth smiling over.

Look with me at Der Kaiser stalking around to the music of his clinking sword. Watch him as a miserable little reporter gossips with a Member too near the Holy of Holies, the table and see him as he makes a frantic passage with his weapon, as if to spit that trembling youth.

Up in our gallery every paper from the Hum Journal to the Bulletin, that hasn't up to the present committed itself to a word, is represented, even the Socialistic interests being looked after by a dear little boy who hasn't the faintest reek of gunpowder about him. I sit next to him generally, and rather pattern myself by his saneness of outlook. I am glad I sit next him, because down below-stairs all is not sanity, nor wit nor reason.

I note among other things that the Back Benches are the Government's strongest supporters. Here sit such old war-horses as Peter Gunn, Mr. McKenny, Mr. Telfer (please be he doesn't switch before this paper is issued), Jim Cornwall, Mr. Cote, lovingly spoken of already as "Jean," Frank Walker, the most "note-worthy man on the floor of the House, and a few others whom I had better let alone. These be changeable days, and no man knows where his twin-brother may be found before morning.

At this height I have an opportunity to note the funny little mannerisms of many of the legislators. The Baby Member, who, the Pretty Young Things declare, has such "sweet" hands, occupying his time by placing his pen between his teeth, and drumming a little tattoo on his desk. The Member who keeps continually writing and accomplishing—as far as one can go—nothing. To catch strong flashes from a head-light diamond on the fingers of a Member from up-country.

These grave men are all partial to rings, I note, and one of them has a perfect love of a one, all set in silver and gold. Wonder is he married? I don't ask on my own account—some of the Young Things want to know.

Here I can see Mr. Boudreau devouring "Le Devoir." Such a fiery little paper for so jolly a little man.

Over there Mr. Smith and Mr. Roberts have just finished eating an orange. One may safely look, I should deduct, for something from them with a "tang" to it before the week is out.

Mr. Bennett is the matinee idol of the House. The girls all love him, and the married ones as well. The Gods—hang on his words, we of the Gallery, well, as he wakes up, for which accept our thanks. And as he is the idol of the women, so, too, is he not the firework, the "Tabasco Sauce" (I said sauce) of the mixture. His drawly "Hear, Hear," I should recognize in Timbuctoo. But—Tabasco is a preparation most effective when used judiciously. One would not care, you will admit, to be deluged with too much of a pepperyness. Again, is he not the "Final Word" in every discourse? Why on earth doesn't someone—something—buck?

For that "frog in the throat" 'hat seems to affect so many of the orators, I would suggest a short sojourn at the Isolation Hospital. (I am sure Dr. Whitelaw could arrange it) a little box of jujubes, and a long course of elocution from a pretty, young teacher. A pronouncing dictionary might help some, then would we have railroads "incorporated," not "incorporated," but I may be mistaken, perhaps it is just the Great Waterways that is suffering this act.

And, Ladies and Gentlemen of the audience, you should watch your ways that you laugh not, and smile not, and make no noise whatever, not, else will Mr. Mackenzie rise in his seat and remark on the coarse ways of the automatons outside the sacred enclosure, else maybe the goblin, the Douglas or the Sarg, at Arms will get you—if you don't watch out.

I notice that whenever some of the Solons make a point they transfer their voices to their boots. Out of the kindness of their hearts, no doubt, lest some of the Rank Outsiders, meaning us, would catch it, I suppose.

Why, top, can anyone tell me, do these learned gentlemen so much repeat themselves? Is William Shakespeare's example to go for nothing? Are we so stupid that a man must treat us thus?

"The papers can be found on the floor of the House."

"On the floor of the House the papers can be found."

"In the House, on the floor—"

but la, la, la—let us move a bit faster.

The Speaker seems a handy rede for an orator on which to lean. When in doubt, ring in "Mr. Speaker"—and you needn't bother to finish your sentence.

"This is no sectional fight," we are assured, too frequently.

"I am no traitor," is another catch phrase.

"I am acting from the highest possible motives," announces every second speaker. And yet—

How fulsome and hollow does that man look that cries: "I am resolved to deal straightforwardly with you." Hark you, "friend, what need of all this flourish? Let your actions speak; your face ought to vouch for your speech. I would have virtue look out of your eyes, no less apparently than love does in the sight of the beloved. I would have honesty and sincerity so incorporated with the constitution that it should be discoverable by the senses."

Looks as if there might be a squall before long, doesn't it?

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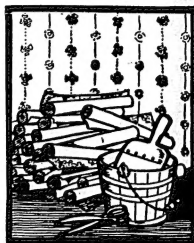
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Home and Society

Edmonton.

This week, as you will notice, I have passed the usual society functions up, and have devoted myself instead to a description of what no one who was present but will acknowledge, was a history-making event in the life of this Province—I refer to the evening session of the Legislature of Wednesday evening, March 2nd.

With the quarrel or the discussion at present agitating the House, being a mere woman, a vo-cless (thank goodness) simple-minded creature, incapable of forming any adequate opinions on "curves" and similar crookedness, I have no intention of dealing. "On with the dance," I feel like shouting—and may the best man win, if you may be permitted to turn my attention to the aspect of the audience who foregathered to watch the battle, and a few of the funny little happenings that occurred on this historic occasion.

What is nobody's business is everybody's curiosity. I assume that is what accounted for the unprecedented rush for seats, that made the entrances leading to the miniature Legislative Assembly resemble more a gathering on side a land office when some new homestead land is being put on the market.

Bank managers jostled street busybodies, ladies' Merry Widows rubbed against the grimy faces of coal-heavers, doctors, lawyers, merchants, chiefs, rich-men, poor-men, beggar-men, thieves, (I have to write it so), all were there. (As a matter of fact, if you please, from six o'clock when the afternoon session ended, until the doors were gingerly opened to admit seating capacity for the night sitting.

Crowds of people, however, never risked their precious chairs, secured with so much difficulty in the afternoon, but sat there from 1.30 at mid-day, until that hour midnight—and many of these were women.

So great was the crush, with such difficulty were they held back, on even the previous evenings, that Mr. Marshall, the Minister of Agriculture, had to stand at the Members' Door and knock his fingers black and blue before he was finally permitted to enter—with his "One little, two little, three little, four little, five little, six little—plus three—wives."

For here a strange thing happened. The stalwart minister had left his home, accompanied by only one better half, with a friend or two, in addition, as the door was opened to let him enter, nine women with one accord passed in behind him with the open sesame: "I am Mrs. Marshall's wife." "Heaven!" said a man in the crowd, "how many wives has that man anyway! Must be a regular Mormon."

But Wednesday evening things were worse, and anyone obtaining entrance, could thank their lucky stars for standing room. Now, as this appears in the space reserved for society functions, I may as well turn now and swing into the Home and Society gait, so proceed.

Wednesday evening the House presented a gay and animated appearance, being crowded to the doors with the youth, beauty and intellect of the Capital City of Alberta.

Far as the eye could reach, the nodding plumes of Merry Widows, varied with the most delightful bank of var-colored ties and suits, formed a picture so interesting and impressive in its nature that those who were present will never forget.

The Assembly Chamber had been arranged for only a moderate-sized audience, so that when the crush began other arrangements had to be speedily put in order. (Nothing easier.

As if by magic, rather in response to greenback signals on the end of umbrellas, very soon the scrub-faced pages began to pass down the house, chairs held high in hand, box-parties were organized (soap-box parties) at two dollars a seat, radiators were draf ed into use, wire waste-paper baskets were requisitioned, and the audience commenced to congregate in the hall.

If there was one demand for a letter-box there were fifty. "Anyone using the letter-box," came the query, so often, one felt like repeating continuously, "Yes, the president of the University is holding the letter-box party, and the invited guests are limited to one. Outsiders need not apply, as the seating capacity of the box is already exhausted."

One Society Beauty, who early in the evening decorated a white-basket pedestal, slowly sank from view, the pedestal also, and members are now engaged in outbidding each other for the possession of the souvenir-basket.

Around the Speaker's Throne a galaxy of beauty and brains vied with each other for supremacy. Among

these were conspicuous the faces of two wise university Profs, an interestingly pretty young stranger—with sleepy eyes and a lovely complexion and several well-known people who shall be nameless.

As I entered several luncheon parties were in progress. Mr. Cushing gave a smart little one, the guests being all women, and some one, promptly jealous, accused the ex-Minister of thus catering to the Suffragette vote.

Mr. Peter Gunn was the popular host at another, but people were divided as to whether it was a cache of supplies for himself pending a forty-days' famine if a debate, or a party for his friends.

Mr. Frank Walker had a very exclusive orange luncheon. Covers being laid for one.

Mr. Clark, a rising barrister, late of the Yukon, played host at a sandwich festival, the other guests evidently missing connections, and Mr. Clark having to consume the whole of the supplies.

Mr. Turnbull and Mr. Swaisland were among the guests in ordinary, but seemed to have been missed out of the list of diners out.

It is rumored that Mr. Peter Gunn expects to spend the week-end at his seat in the Buildings.

Some one said, though I can't vouch for the truth of the statement, that Mr. O'Brien was shocked at the amount of capital invested in the society women's head-gear. I did, though, see him smiling at one of our attractive young maroons. Naughty Thing.

There were many Suffragette gatherings, and for the first time the women had the chance of "quizzing themselves like men"—being permitted, very graciously, by the lords of creation, to take their chances on obtaining a seat, like their enfranchised brothers.

Wonder how the women enjoyed this privilege!

Outside the persistent knockings for admittance, kept perseveringly up. I shut my eyes. I was across seas, I was in the Mother House of Parliament; the Suffragettes demanded entrance.

"Bang, bang, bang!"

Oh, joy!

"Bang—da—ng!" The sense of excitement was delicious.

Excelsior!—Half believe I'll join the game this side of the water.

Mrs. Blain will receive next Wednesday, and not again until the first and second Wednesdays in April.

On Thursday evening the Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. Bulvey held a big reception at Government House, when a large number of seasonal visitors, as well as many town guests, had the pleasure of meeting his honor and the First Lady in the Province, and Mrs. Constantine, their guest, a visitor whose hosts of friends in town delight to do her honor. Mrs. Bulvey received in the magnificent white satin and crystal gown so much admired on the night of the opening; a gentle, lovable woman and charming hostess.

Mrs. Constantine was also a regal figure, wearing her white satin gown with rare old lace, with all the stateliness and grace of the days when women thought more of the exquisite quality of their frocks, and becoming behaviour therein, rather than the multiplicity of them.

About the rooms were the usual profusion of cut flowers and palms, while the supper table was exquisitely arranged with a shower of crimson roses and fern, and many yellow-shaded candlelights. Those who were present were:

Miss L. M. Ashwell, Mr. and Mrs. A. Archibald, Mr. R. H. Alexander, Dr. E. W. Allen, Mr. H. A. Aldous, Mr. C. B. Beck, Mr. and Mrs. Percy Barnes, Dr. and Mrs. V. E. Barron, Mr. and Mrs. P. E. Butchart, Mr. and Mrs. P. T. Butchart, Mr. A. Boileau, Mr. and Mrs. St. Clair Blackett, Mr. Bert Bidourie, Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Brown, Mr. and Mrs. F. G. Bowers, Mr. and Mrs. W. V. Bellamy, Mr. John Blue, The Misses Belcher, Miss Hardie, Lettbridge, Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Bowen, Miss Ruby Beals, Mr. and Mrs. A. Y. Blain, Mr. and Mrs. O. Bush, Mr. J. C. Biggs, Miss Grace Brown, Mrs. H. Bannatyne, Winnie Peg; Mr. H. W. Baldwin, Mr. P. S. Bailey, Dr. J. R. L. Christian, Miss Elsie R. Christian, Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Carmichael, Mr. and Mrs. A. T. Cushing, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Coop-

(Continued on Page 8.)

The Whale
of a Sale
Continues One
Week Longer

Announcement Extraordinary

The Whale of a
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March 12th

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SIX DAYS MORE THE WHALE WILL CONTINUE TO SPOUT

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Prices will be Further Reduced to Mark the Closing Week of the Sale

Every day will be a Whale Day—Big week of opportunity for every buyer. Like the Good Wine, we have kept some of the very best things for the last of the Sale and you'll find many surprises each day you visit the store.

Every Day Next Week will be Featured with offerings you can't afford to PASS UP.

Monday will be Bed Day

500 Enamel and Brass Beds will be offered during the day at MAKER'S PRICES and LESS. Mattresses too will be featured.

Tuesday will be Rug Day

The third floor will be a regular Beehive. If you have any Rug want, come to the Carpet Department Tuesday.

Wednesday will be Picture Day at Half Price

One day only—all our Pictures at HALF PRICE and Wednesday is THE DAY. See the windows.

Thurs. will be Linoleum Day

Get your floor wants supplied on THURSDAY—Inlaid and Printed—the whole works. The prices will keep your memory green for years.

Friday will be Table Day

Whether it be a Parlor, Card, Dining Room, Tea Table or a Work Table or a Kitchen Table, you'll buy Friday at the Smallest Prices you've ever seen tables sold.

Saturday will be a Whale-Beater Day Everything in the Store

No matter what you buy, whether the sale price has been 20% off or 25% off—The Last Day, Whale-Beaten Prices.

Tell your friends, your neighbors, about the good news, from megaphones, on the house tops, that Past Performances of THE WHALE SALE will be repeated for another week with a few live ones thrown in every hour throughout each day.

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Blueberries	-	-	2 tins for .25
Pumpkins	-	-	2 tins for .25
Strawberries	-	-	15c per tin
Raspberries	-	-	15c per tin
Naval Oranges	-	-	Regular 30c per dozen 25c
			40c " 35c
			50c " 45c
			40c " 35c
Lemons	-	-	" 30c " 45c
			" 40c " 35c

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MUSIC AND DRAMA

The visit of Mark Hambourg, the distinguished pianist, this month is an event of great musical significance. We have never had in this part of the world any artist who in his particular field, could be named with him. All lovers of good music should make it a point not only to be present themselves, but to use every effort to interest those who may not be aware of the threat that is in store. It would throw back our progress a long distance if Hambourg should have anything less than a crowded house.

Those who were in this part of the world three years ago this coming summer will never forget the work of John Mason, Mrs. Fiske's leading man. He has lately had the great honor done him of being asked to present a drama at the New Theatre in New York. On February 28 he and his company gave a strikingly successful production of Michaelis' "A Son of the People."

Cards on amateurs produced "She Sings to Conquer" to crowded houses last week.

"A Woman About Town," in Winnipeg Town Topics, has this excellent bit of comment:

All people with an open mind and a keen appreciation of the educational force and value of the theatre must have been delighted with the stand taken by Dr. Bland on the subject of chaste-going and the hearty support he received from Dr. Du Val.

The question was approached, for once in a proper spirit, and as these men have wide experience of the world of men and things, and stand at the top of their profession in Winnipeg, there is no doubt their words will have weight, not only with their ministerial brethren, but which the public at large, and will help in some measure to bring about a better understanding of the place and the value of the theatre.

It seems particularly pleasing that just at the time when Dr. Bland has made so wise a stand on the theatre question there should be in the city a play of such a type as "The Music Master." As I sat in the Walker the other evening and watched the effect of the simple kindly life of the German Professor on all those around him, even the roughest and lowest, I could not help thinking of how grand a sermon it was. I wonder if any one beside myself thought of how much Dr. Bland and Warfield had in common. The gentle, whimsical and cultured voice of the great actor made me think more than once of Dr. Bland. I fancy if these two met they would they would find their aims in life not very far apart. It is men like Dr. Bland in the pulpit and the professor's chair and men like Warfield on the stage that will eventually lift the world to higher and better things.

That Winnipeg people truly appreciate what is true, pure and beautiful on the stage was evidenced by the attendance at each performance, the dramatic critics to the contrary notwithstanding.

Clay Clement, whose death was announced this week, was a sterling actor, one of the best that ever visited this part of the continent. He had a wide reputation as an actor as well. Altogether he wrote about half a dozen plays, of which the best known are "The Old Dominion," "A Southern Gentleman," and "Sam Houston." For many seasons he starred with distinguished success in "The Old Dominion," giving a very fine characterization of "Baron Von Hohen Stauffen," a German of refinement and culture, who found it difficult to express himself in English. He is well remembered in this character by local players, also for his genuinely artistic portrayal of the old soldier in the playlet, "The Old Guard."

A few seasons ago he wrote and produced most lavishly "Sam Houston," a drama which had for its hero the famous American general and statesman, whose romantic story made excellent material for the stage. Houston served in the war of 1812, and after a political career from the minor ranks became governor of Tennessee. Later he was commander-in-chief of the Texans, leading them to victory over the Mexicans at San Jacinto. He was president of Texas 1836-38; later was United States senator, and when Texas became part of the United States, served its interest as governor. He died in 1863.

The play which Clement wrote around Houston's career was clever, but somehow, although perfectly presented, it was not a success, and this depressed the author. He returned to his first and greatest success "The Old Dominion," and later starred in quite an extensive repertoire. About

five years ago he came into some money by inheritance, and left the stage for a while, but the fascination of the life before the public was too great for him, and he soon returned to active work. For several seasons past he has had more or less success, due mostly to his own eccentricities of temperament and habits. Artistic to his finger-tips, highly educated, a linguist, and all-round clever man, he was yet one who did not make friends readily because of his dictatorial manner. His position in the profession would have been much more exalted but for his own attitude towards others. He was twice married. His second wife was his leading lady during his last engagement in this city at the Walker theatre.

Kansas City, Mo., Feb. 25.—On the ranch of Col. Shub Williams, near Paris, Texas, the body of Clay Clement, the actor who died here on Monday, was buried today. The body was sent from here last night.

Apart from the poetry of the play, a great deal of the success of "Chanticleer," the Parisian play which has stirred both hemispheres, depends upon its scenic arrangements. Mme. Simon's wonderful dress, for which every effort has been made to make her look as much like a bird as possible, consists of a whalebone frame covered with canvas. Over this there is a further covering of feathers. To get the true effect of the markings of a pheasant it was found necessary to have over twenty shades of color, and the whole costume cost \$750.

MM. Heriz and Coquelle who are responsible for the production of "Chanticleer," have described the enormous difficulties which have been triumphantly surmounted.

It was far from easy, for instance, to get the actors to forget that they were human beings, and in order to test the value of the acting, a private dress rehearsal was arranged on the grounds of a house near Paris, belonging to a friendly owner. There, in the open air and sunlight the Gargantuan poultry strutted about with such sincerity and enthusiasm that the gardeners and other servants were scared and quite forgot to laugh at the stupendous make-believe of the poet and the costume. The result was considered so convincing that belief in success on the stage became inevitable.

The "Chanticleer" comedy, like the famous musical craze, "The Merry Widow," will have considerable effect on Paris tashions for women.

BIRTHS

CHADWICK—To Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Chadwick, 475 Thirteenth St., a son, Feb. 27th.

DEATHS

DE HAVILLAND—On Jan. 27, at 19 Methuen Road, Bournemouth, England, the Honorable Margaret Letitia de Havilland, widow of the late Rev. Charles Richard de Havilland, M.A., of Guernsey, and mother of Mrs. Oscar Robbins of Edmonton, aged 78 years.

CURE WAS QUICK AND COMPLETE

DAME PARENT'S HEART DISEASE CURED DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS

She Suffered for Two Years, But Now Advises all Troubled as She Was to Give Dodd's Kidney Pills a Trial.

St. Robert, Richelieu, Co., Que., Feb. 28.—(Special).—"I recommend Dodd's Kidney Pills to all my friends." These are the words of Pam Joseph Parent of this place. And the good dame gives excellent reason why she does so. "For two years," she says, "I suffered from Heart Disease, Headache, Backache and a dragging Sensation across the loins. Seven boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills cured me. I hope all who are troubled as I will give Dodd's Kidney Pills a trial."

Some people may ask how Dodd's Kidney Pills, which are purely a Kidney Remedy, can cure Heart Disease. And the answer is simple. Diseased Kidneys fail to strain the impurities out of the blood. If these impurities are left in the blood they are not only increase the work of the heart in propelling the blood through the body, but act on the valves causing disease. Pure blood removes the cause of the disease. Dodd's Kidney Pills make pure blood by putting the Kidneys in condition to strain all the impurities out of it.



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WHAT THE PRESS AGENTS SAY

STARLAND.

The popularity of this little theatre is still on the increase, and the numerous patrons show a generous appreciation of excellent programme which the management always secure. Selig's melodrama, "The Cowboy Millionaire," had a better reception than any picture yet shown, and by special request was exhibited again on Saturday. The cowboy sports were most attractive, and hearty applause greeted each new feat. One of the cowboys becomes a millionaire, but after a year of society life his old hankering for the "boys" returns and he imports the whole ranch into Chicago to "waken things up." Their adventures in the city convulse the audience with laughter, but the millionaire was cured forever of his liking for cowboy life.

"The Freebooters," another Selig drama, held our attention from start

to finish. The daring robbery, pursuit, and final capture contained many thrilling incidents, while the scenery was exceptionally good. Of all the Biograph dramas yet produced "His Lost Love" is certainly the most touching. The simple story of a man's weakness and punishment, so beautifully interpreted, left an impression difficult to erase. The naivety of the wife was a strong contrast to the beautiful but weaker sister. On finding out her husband's secret attachment, she flees, leaving the little baby which was to have been so much to them both. The whole audience was deeply affected. But nature has her own revenge, for when in later years the father would have claimed his child, she turned from him as a stranger, and clung to her uncle, who was the only guardian she had known.

The photos of the C.P.R. Spanish River disaster were most instructive, and the lecture made them much more so.



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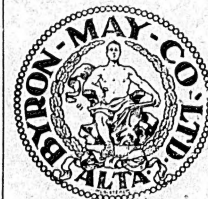
made very substantial gains in other departments of its business:

a) It gained in Assets	\$1,329,088
b) " Reserve	949,288
c) " Income	302,671
d) " Surplus	348,266

while its ratio of expense to income was smaller than in previous years.

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Sheriff's Life Not Always a Happy One

Away back in 1889 there used to be very little cash in circulation, but even then it was necessary, as it is now, to have "some of the needful."

Our schools had to have teachers, and they had to be paid, if not wholly in cash, at least most of it, in coin of the Realm.

Sometimes some of the settlers, I am glad to say that they were few in number, would object to pay the school taxes, and it was necessary to place the collection from the delinquents in the hands of the sheriff, with instructions to use his judgment as to how, and when.

Fortunately for the settlers, and everybody concerned, the acting sheriff then, (our present sheriff, and the whole countryside was pleased when he got the reward he so richly deserved) was a gentleman with a large heart, and full of good sense, he never acted in an arbitrary manner, but always did his utmost to conciliate and help matters out in every way he could, and there is many a good settler scattered all over Northern Alberta, today, who can thank the Almighty that this official was not, as many government officials, and others placed in positions of authority. Many an aching heart was made to feel that in him they were dealing with a man of justice tempered with mercy, but on the other hand the transgressors who tried to play the fool, and take advantage of him, found to their sorrow, that they were playing with the wrong man.

It happened one fine morning in June that the writer was standing in front of his door, in Fort Saskatchewan, when he noticed a team and buckboard afar off, and coming down the long main street towards him, and presently he was hailed by the genial sheriff, who said:

"Jump in, and come for a little drive; it is such a fine morning, and but for the mosquitoes you will enjoy it. With Western quick decision, the writer jumped in, with no thought as to whether it was one mile or ten.

but did not think anything in particular at the time.

After lighting up our cigars, the writer asked his companion where we were off to. He replied: "Down the river about three miles, to old Sam's." Whew? I now expected a nice drive, but what then? The sheriff had become more silent, the closer we got to our destination, and between times under his breath, now and then, came words like, "Shorter," then something "naughty" "Virago!" Ten times worse than a man to deal with. Hope Sam alone will be there."

The writer had a full knowledge at once, of what was bothering his friend, as he happened to be chairman of the Village School Board, and he had had, in that capacity, as hot an interchange of ideas, with the same lady that his friend was mumbling about, as could be imagined.

So he simply said:

"The lady's name please, and is that the reason you have your lariat around Oh, yes, this is a beautiful morning and the mosquitoes are very active, and the lady is so different from others I know. Ah, Sheriff!" He assured me it was no laughing matter with him, and I heartily agreed with him, that there were several kinds of ladies, and this was one of the others.

Presently we came in sight of the house, and we drove up close to the door. The sheriff knocked, and a lady's voice said, "Come in." He explained his errand in a gentle manner, and was informed that he might go to a warmer place than we have in Alberta, or outside of the particular spot he was then standing on which was hot enough for him, as he explained to the writer while driving home.

The writer heard him say that, such being the case, and as she would not listen to reason, there was nothing left him but to make a seizure. True idea then struck the writer, "Gracious, he surely is not going to seize this fair dame and bring her back in the buckboard with us." No such ungalantry for the sheriff. He came to the buckboard, untied the lariat, marched straight for the stable, got-

the lariat around the neck of a two-year-old heifer, with the intention of leading it out of the door. It strongly objected, but all of a sudden it changed its mind, and made for the open doorway (remember by this time it was a hot June, and millions of mosquitoes) and for some minutes the "good lady" of the house and the writer, witnessed such a scene of "wild hilarity," seemingly, on the part of the heifer, and agility on the part of the sheriff, as they hope to see again, if they want an amusement in which they are not the participants. Out on to the roadway they went. The sheriff thought sometimes the demon was his, but, no such luck, as the heifer would turn and charge him, and then there was a scramble through the willow brush, and down a low bank and into the muddy creek, and out again, through the brush. Millions of mosquitoes which they disturbed in their dual perambulations through the brush, etc., the sheriff hanging on to his end of the lariat, with a tenacity of a bull dog, and the other end around the frisky young heifer's neck leading he knew not where.

Finally the struggle ended, and the writer drove the team up to where the man and beast were having a breathing spell, and the gallant sheriff had certainly earned his fees that day. His face and hands were all scratched and bleeding, clothes torn, and muddy, perspiration coming out of every pore in his body. He was a picture of woe, but also he wore a look of gratified pride, such as a general must wear after winning a great battle under the most adverse circumstances.

He held the lariat as we drove slowly back to the Fort, the beast so played out that it fed as quietly as any old cow.

"Well, good-bye, sheriff, old man, were my parting words, "I have had a most enjoyable drive, but I had no idea when we started out that I was going to take part in a 'Wild West Show'." His answer was: "You little know the ups and downs of a sheriff's life, and today you have seen the connection which exists between taxes, a stubborn woman, and a beast."

The writer thought then, and still thinks that under similar circumstances, no duty of the kind would suit anybody better than he who holds office.

F. F. T.

HOME AND SOCIETY

(Continued from Page Four)

Calgary

Mrs. C. B. Smith, of Toronto, is seeing Calgary.

Mrs. Mayland, of Vancouver, is in the city for a few days.

Miss Stark, of Vancouver, is spending a short time here.

T. B. Elliott, of Mayfair, Ontario, is a guest in the city.

Captain Bonnyman, of Langdon, was in the city this week.

Mr. P. A. Landry, of Victoria, B. C. visited Calgary during the week.

Mr. John Morris, of Edmonton, was in Calgary for a few days.

Mrs. W. E. Hay, 1415, Fifth street, west, is entertaining her sister Miss Rae, of Medicine Hat.

Miss M. Jackson, of Medicine Hat, is a guest of Miss Blair, First street.

Mrs. F. C. Garbutt left on Sunday night for a few months visit in Parsboro, Nova Scotia.

Mr. and Mrs. Woods and Mr. and Mrs. Jennings have gone to Spokane to spend a few weeks.

Mrs. Wm. McLaren and Miss Flora Campbell gave a delightful Kensington tea on Saturday afternoon.

The Girls' Hospital Aid met at Miss Young's, 235 Fifth avenue west, on Wednesday afternoon.

Mrs. Lodge, Twelfth avenue east entertained the Whist Club on Tuesday. This was the final meeting of the club for the season.

Mr. R. A. Brocklebank, returned to the city on Friday evening, after spending several weeks in New York, Boston, Montreal, Toronto, Chicago, and other eastern cities.

Mrs. Sutherland and Miss Sutherland, returned to the city this week, after spending a few months on the continent. Miss Kate Sutherland remained at college in Toronto.

Miss Gertrude Sanderson, who has been visiting her sister Miss C. I. Sutherland, of the Marlborough, for a few weeks, returned to her home in Macleod on Monday.

Mrs. Lougheed proposes going east about the middle of March to spend a few weeks in New York, Montreal, Ottawa and Toronto. She intends to return to Calgary in time for the horse show, when she will entertain Mrs. Constantine of Maple Creek.

On Tuesday of this week, Mrs. Binning entertained the O. U. R. Club. Some of those who were there were: Mrs. Hanton, Mrs. Hayden, Mrs. MacFarlane, Mrs. Bond, Mrs. Dunlop, Mrs. Padden, Mrs. May, Mrs. Gurney, Mrs. Campbell, Mrs. Lodge and Mrs. Kinner.

On Friday afternoon the Daughters of the Empire met at Mrs. Lougheed's. There was a splendid attendance and various matters of business were discussed. The members decided to give a ball on Victoria day, Empire day coming on Monday, it was thought wise to give the ball on Victoria day, Tuesday, May the 24th. Mrs. Lougheed was appointed convener of the committee to make arrangements concerning the ball.

The Independent Order of Foresters Court Alexander 522 have amalgamated with the Court Calgary. On Wednesday of this week, Mrs. Sultor, Mrs. Lee, Mrs. Brocklebank, Miss Jarrett, Mrs. Lewis, Mrs. Cotton, Mrs. Wice, Mrs. Thompson, assembled at the residence of Mrs. H. B. Wilson, their former financial secretary, and presented her with a very handsome initialed leather handbag. Music and games were indulged in. Dainty refreshments were served and a very jolly evening spent.

On Saturday afternoon, Miss C. I. Sanderson gave a charming tea in honor of her two sisters, the Misses Sanderson, of Macleod. The pretty

apartments, at the Marlborough were fairly abloom with many clusters of daffodils, tulips and carnations. Miss Gertrude Anderson looked lovely in a perfectly fitting gown of champagne cologne, while Miss Mildred Sanderson wore a fashionable princess dress artistically trimmed with lace and insertion. The hostess was handsome in a dainty white clinging gown and was assisted in serving the appetizing refreshments by Miss Calder, Miss Waters and Miss Mary Horland. Among the guests were: Miss Elliott, Miss Campbell, the Misses Cook, Miss Nicklin, Miss Gibson, Miss Tier, Miss McPhail, the Misses Hutt, Miss Brown, Miss Anna Howson, the Misses Christie, Miss Helen Howson, Misses Conden, the Misses Fraser, Miss Clarke, Miss Currie, Miss Eyres, and others.

Mrs. Macdonald, Mrs. Mewburn, Mrs. Lougheed, Mrs. Sutherland, Mrs. Rowley, Mrs. Stratton, Mrs. Mason, Mrs. Van Wert, Mrs. Staley, Mrs. Hamilton, Mrs. Lafferty, Mrs. Harris, Madame Talbot, the Misses Braden, Mrs. Woods, Mrs. Jennings, (Edmonton) were delightfully entertained by Mrs. Helliwell on Wednesday afternoon. The tea table was lovely, done in carnations and roses with becoming touches of southern greenery. Mrs. Sutherland and Mrs. Mewburn presided over the tea and coffee cups, and were assisted in those pleasant ministrations by Miss Sutherland and Miss McCullough. Mrs. Helliwell greeted her guests wearing a fashionable costume of pale green satin, while Mrs. Macdonald, in whose honor the function was given, wore the most becoming pale pink silk cologne gown, with large black hat and pink and gold trimmings.

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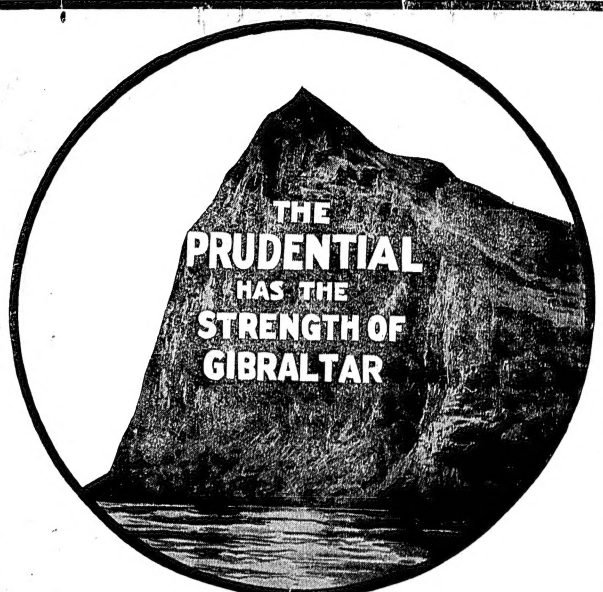
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They and I, by Jerome.

New books, being added each week, and will be listed here.

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HOME AND SOCIETY

Edmonton

(Continued from Page Five.)

er, Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Chadwick, Miss M. W. Campbell, Miss Cuthbert, Dr. Conillard, Mr. and Mrs. Hector Cowan, The Misses Cobbett, Dr. and Mrs. Crang, Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Campbell, Rev. Father Connolly, Dr. and Mrs. Condiel, Mr. and Mrs. Roy Douglas, Miss Dunlop, Miss L. H. Dawson, Mr. and Mrs. Ambrose Dickins, Mr. and Mrs. P. H. Davidson, Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Eaton, Hon. C. W. Fisher, Dr. and Mrs. Forin, Miss Forin, Miss Ferris, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Fife, Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Frish, Miss Forsyth, The Misses Finn, Mr. W. W. Gould, Miss Garipey, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. A. Grant, Mr. L. A. Giroux, Miss B. C. Grant, Winnipeg; Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Harwood, Mr. and Mrs. R. G. Hardesty, Mr. and Mrs. Percy Hardesty, Dr. and Mrs. J. M. Houston, Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Henderson, Mr. and Mrs. W. Hopkins, The Misses Hughes, Mr. Alfred Hughes, Dr. and Mrs. A. C. de L. Harwood, Prof. and Mrs. V. P. Hunt, Miss K. Henderson, Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Hill, Mr. D. R. Haines, Miss Henry, Macleod, Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Inglis, Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Jackson, Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Jones, Mr. and Mrs. R. Kenneth, Mr. Alf. Kemp, Miss Pansy Kemp, Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Kneil, Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Knight, Miss Nora M. Kennedy, Mr. and Mrs. Hector Landry, Miss Landry, Dr. and Mrs. J. E. Lundy and Mrs. Lundy, Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Manson, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Morris, Mr. and Mrs. Louis Madore, Mr. and Mrs. J. I. Mills, Mr. and Mrs. H. Ilton Martin, The Misses Murphy, The Misses Morkin, Mr. J. W. G. Morrison, Mr. and Mrs. Garnet Morris, Miss Mackie, Dr. and Mrs. McGibbon, Miss McKenney, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. McDougall, Miss McIsaac, Miss Jean McIsaac, Mr. and Mrs. A. McIsaac, Dr. and Mrs. McDonnell, Mr. Archie McKenzie, Mr. J. K. Macdonald, Dr. and Mrs. A. Nicholls, Miss Libby Neff, Mr. and Mrs. G. Nivin, Dr. and Mrs. Park, Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Porter, Miss Potter, The Misses Perkins, Mr. and Mrs. E. Race, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Ross, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Rea, Miss Olive Ross, Miss Ritchie, Strathcona, Mr. and Mrs. W. O. Ritchie, Strathcona, Dr. and Mrs. Revell, Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Richards, Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Rice, Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Richards, Mr. J. A. Royal, Mr. Geo. P. Smith, M.L.A., Miss Smith, Camrose, Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Spratt, Miss G. A. Shibley, Mr. and Mrs. H. Somersall, Miss Clara Sutherland, Miss Sutter, Miss Bessie Sargent, Mr. and Mrs. James Smith, Miss Sowden, Dr. and Mrs. J. D. Sloan, Miss Bessie Scott, Miss E. B. Strong, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. C. Scott, Miss Eleanor Taylor, Mr. Emilie Tessier, Miss Jeanne Tilley, Mr. and Mrs. R. D. Tighe, Miss Seaton Thompson, The Misses Webster, Mr. Geo. Webster, Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Watt, Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Williams, Miss Wilson, Strathcona; Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Ward, Miss Florence Walker, Mrs. C. H. Woodhead, Mr. and Mrs. Lorne York, Miss Vance.

On Wednesday Mrs. Bulyea had a luncheon for the out-of-town wives of the members when the following were the invited guests: Mrs. Cushing, Mrs. Cornwall, Mrs. Walker, Miss Smith, Mrs. Campbell, Mrs. McKenzie, Mrs. Roberts, and Mrs. Riley. Mrs. Bulyea was wearing a handsome gown of amethyst chiffon velvet, and Mrs. Constantine had on an attractive frock of blue shot silk, with dainty lace accessories. The table decorations were exquisite red and yellow variegated tulips, with yellow shaded lights.

Mr. Frank Sommerville leaves for a visit to Portland, Ore. and other American cities on Monday next, her home during her absence being occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Cornwall.

MARK HAMBURG.

Mark Hambourg, the eminent Russian pianist, was born at Bzoutchar, in the province of Vorenez, South Russia, in 1879. His decided talent developed very early, and his father, who was a professor at the Moscow Conservatory, decided to give him a thorough musical training. His progress was so rapid, that at the age of ten he made his first public appearance with the Mocero Philharmonic Society. After this he made a most successful tour of Great Britain, and in 1893 at the advice of Richter and Paderewski went to Vienna, where he studied for three years with Leschetizki, and won the Liszt scholarship. In 1894 Dr. Richter invited him to play at a Philharmonic concert in Vienna, on which occasion he performed Chopin's Concerto in E minor, and proved himself fully matured in his art. The following year he played at a Philharmonic concert in London, and afterwards made extensive tours through Europe and to Australia and South Africa. In 1896 he made his American debut with the Boston Symphony Orchestra, afterwards making a successful tour of the United States and Canada. He made a second American tour in 1902.

His technique is admirable and he is imaginative and intellectual, bringing to the interpretation of the great masters a rare insight and sympathy to which in large measure his success is due. He is a man of wide culture and in spite of constant travel is deeply interested in many lines of study, being familiar with the literature of France, Germany, England and Russia, with painting, sculpture and science. His repertory is extensive, including about twenty concertos and almost six hundred other compositions. He has composed several pieces for piano and violin.

Mark Hambourg will give a recital in the Opera House on Tuesday, Mar. 15th.

HOME AND SOCIETY

Calgary

(Continued from Pages 4 and 7.)

sleighting party last Tuesday evening. After driving for a while around town the party then drove to Mr. Collins' ranch, where a much appreciated supper was served. The guests included Mr. and Mrs. Symons, Mr. and Mrs. Avery, Mr. and Mrs. Staines, Mr. and Mrs. Thompson, Mrs. Harrison, Mrs. Ingraham, Misses Bishop, Faeze, Patterson, Cook, Irene Cook, Dawson, Stewart, Flaws, and Messrs. De Wolf, Porter, Bishop, Stewart, Lynn, Finch, Patterson and Ogden.

(The following items were crowded out from last week.)

Mrs. Macfarland gave a small thimble tea on Tuesday afternoon for Mrs. Macdougall of Port Arthur.

The "Skidoo" Whist Club met at the home of Mrs. Harry McAllen, Eighteenth avenue west, Tuesday evening.

The home of Mrs. Harry McMullen, eighteenth avenue west, was yesterday afternoon the scene of a very pretty and successful social tea held under the auspices of the Ladies' Aid of St. Paul's Presbyterian Church. Between the hours of 3 and 7 o'clock a constant stream of interested callers were entertained by their charming hostess, ably assisted by a number of the ladies prominent in this helpful department of the church work. The table, handsomely decorated in a color scheme of red, enlivened with carnations, was set under a canopy of Canadian and American flags, making a very pretty effect, and was presided over by Madames Porterfield, Hall, Foster, Johnson and Hillocks. Music and conversation served to make this one of the most enjoyable afternoon affairs of the season.

On Friday afternoon the Literary Society of the Collegiate Institute held their regular fortnightly meeting in the assembly hall. It was opened with a selection from Mark Twain's imitative "Humorous Absurd" read by C. Newcombe in his most humorous manner. Miss Simons then delighted the gathering with a pianoforte solo. Rev. G. W. Kerby was present, and gave a very interesting address on "A Visit to the Land of Evangeline." Mr. Kerby touched on his visit to Longfellow's home, with reference to many of his best works. The address was highly appreciated by the students and others. A reading was given by Miss Chittick and the contents of the High

School Journal "Analecta," was read by C. Newcombe. The singing of the National Anthem closed a very interesting and profitable meeting.

Miss Edith Griffiths, Second street east, celebrated her sixteenth birthday on Wednesday, February 16th, by inviting sixteen girl friends for the evening, which was spent in games and music. Refreshments were served at 10 o'clock, the assistants being Miss Ida Griffiths, and Miss Ethel Stephens of Holmfield, Man.

Friday claimed Mrs. Sanson as hostess at a smart luncheon of eight covers. Mrs. Macdougall of Port Arthur was again the guest of honor. After luncheon the guests adjourned to the drawing room and indulged in a merry game of Five Hundred. The mahogany luncheon table was beautifully decorated with lilies of the valley and asparagus fern; the color scheme being green. The cosy, artistic scene being most inviting.

On Monday a charming Valentine tea was given by Mrs. Sisley in honor of Mrs. Woods' guest, Mrs. Jennings of Edmonton. The hostess received her guests in a handsome gown of pale blue satin, empire style. The beautiful red roses and soft lights from the many candles made the rooms most attractive to those who braved the storm, and about the rooms were many suggestions of St. Valentine.

Mrs. Macdougall was the raison d'être of another Five Hundred at Miss Braden's last evening. The guest of honor was lovely in white satin and gold trimmings. The hostess received in a charming gown of pale blue silk, with touches of black. The pretty prizes were carried off by Mrs. Short and Mrs. Hamilton. Among those present were Mrs. Bone, Mrs. Jennings, Mrs. Ings, Miss Ings, Mrs. Sanson, Mrs. Mason, Mrs. H. Mewburn, Mrs. J. J. Young, Mrs. Woods, Mrs. Mewburn, Mrs. Harris, and Madame Talbot.

On Wednesday evening at the home of Mrs. Graham, Centre street, a very pretty wedding was solemnized, when Miss Mary Irwin was married to Mr. Harry Graham. The bride wore a beautiful gown of pale blue silk with crystal trimmings, and carried a lovely bouquet of La France roses. Rev. J. A. Clarke officiated. After the ceremony the wedding party and guests partook of a dainty supper served at a table beautifully adorned with smilax and carnations. The happy couple will spend their honeymoon visiting northern points. The groom's gift to the bride was a diamond ring.

Mrs. Blair, Fourth avenue east, gave a most enjoyable progressive euchre party of five tables. The lady's prize was won by Miss Cochran, while the gentleman's prize was awarded to Mr. Thompson. The consolation prizes were taken by Miss Cochran and Mr. Brown. After a pleasant hour at cards, dainty refreshments were served, and the remainder of the evening was spent in dancing. Those present were: Misses Cochran, Bothwell, Parslow, Hood, Roe, Hall, Moore, Cousins, Clarke, Warren; Messrs. Ladler, Graham, Thomas, Williamson, Brown, Thompson, Ballantine, C. Campbell, A. Campbell and MacNeil.

The monthly meeting of the Humane Society will be held as usual at 511 Third street, Thursday evening, the 10th March, at 8 o'clock.

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